WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 14 —VOL XVII NEW-YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1805. NO. 848.

THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE

(Continued.)

AT length the cavern opened into a spacious area, which was branched off in several passages; at the end of one of them she could just distinguish the spires of a gate. She advanced to it with intrepidity, and shook it with all her might, in hopes to make it yield. All her efforts, though exerted by despair, were ineffectual, and she was about to return, discouraged, to her dismal cave, when a deep groan, not many paces from her, arrested her trembling steps, and she stood motionless with affright, not daring to breathe, lest some one should seize her. She continued fixed, when again the groan was repeated.

Summoning all her courage, she raised her voice with emphasis, and said——"If any one is, like me, a wretched captive in this dismal place, in pity speak, and by participation lighten the horrors of captivity!".

Again she listened:—a loud shrill scream made the vaulted roofs resound, and in a moment appeared at the gate—Olivia!——What a meeting!—Constantia thrust her hands through the bars with eagerness to embrace her friend, rendered divinely dear by their mutual misfortunes.

"Ah!" cried she, "is there no means of communication with you!——Hated bars, that seperate me from my friend!"

"Constantia, my love," said Olivia, in a faint voice, "cease these transports. Too soon, I fear, we shall be discovered. Return to your dungeon: you will soon be visited by our detested gaoler, from whom you will learn your fate; then return hither, and we will bewail our misfortunes."

Constantia kissed the hand extended through the grate, and, almost blinded by her tears, returned to her solitary cell. Scarcely had she thrown her limbs, which were, from the violent damps, afflicted with excruciating pain, upon the earth, ere her dungeon was opened, and her gaoler appeared, followed by a man of majestic figure and commanding aspect, in whom she traced prominent features, displaying pride, cruelty, and cunning. Smoothing the sternness of his brow, he advanced to Constantia, and seizing her hand, which, with looks of horror, she attempted forcibly to withdraw, he said——

"Can you, Madam, pardon the severity with which you have, unknown to me, been treated? I much fear that the rigor of your confinement has taught you to behold with aversion the unfortunate Roderique."

Constantia replied only with a look of ineffable disdain.

"Speak, charming girl," he continued, in an impressive tone.—"What is your pleasure, and you shall instantly be obeyed?—All here are your devoted slaves."

Constantia looked round with an air of sullen dignity, as if to say—Who is the slave?——He resumed:——

"No longer shall this miserable spot conceal so much beauty. Suffer me to conduct you to an apartment more suitable to you."

She repulsed his proffered hand with a look of undissembled detestation. His features instantly wore a look of surprise and mortification, which was speedily changed to rage, when, sinking on her knees she cried——"Sooner may the earth open and swallow me!"

"'Tis well, Madam," replied he, smoothing his anger: "A time may come when you will seek for my present despised offers of service and alacrity. When hunger and distress have subdued the pride of the haughty beauty, she will kneel and weep to the disdained Roderique, who will then triumph over the vanquished fair. Farewell, Madam," continued he, tauntingly: "be virtue and repentance your banquet."

As soon as she heard the heavy chain replaced, she flew to the prison of Olivia: as she approached the grating, she heard voices in loud altercation, and, fearful of discovery, paused ere she proceeded farther. She instantly recollected the accents of Roderique, who exclaimed, with much violence——

"By Heaven, Madam, I will not be trifled with. I will not bear this scorn: either submit to my will, or both shall suffer under my glorious vengeance!"

The voice of her friend, in supplication, she next heard; and the sound of doors closing convinced her that all was safe. She ventured again to go forward, and reaching the gate, she softly called——"Olivia." She instantly appeared, and Constantia related to her what had passed between herself and Roderique.

"Ah! my dear girl," replied Olivia, "know it well.--------What a fate are we reserved for! We are now in the hands of that barbarous marauder, who, for his depredations, is the terror of the whole country. Death and dishonor, perhaps, both await us, whichever way we turn!——My own fate I care little for: my life is already too miserable to desire a prolongation of it; and were I sure that, by a compliance with his detested wishes, I could ensure the safety of my Constantia, I should have but little care; but I too well know that we both are reserved for one horrid purpose."

"Sooner would I die," cried Constantia, "than submit to such an outrage! Ah! Olivia, had we but the means, you should see what I would dare to do to preserve myself from violation!"

"Nobly spoken cried," Olivia: "the resolution is worthy my dear friend; and, surely Heaven favors our intentions, and will, under such circumstances, pardon an act otherwise impious."

Saying this she stooped to the ground and picked up a dagger.

"See!" cried she, "Providence has sent us this for the defence of our virtue: let us not hesitate to put it to the use, doubtless, designed by our invisible guardians to preserve us from disgrace."

Constantia hid her face with her robe.——

"Dreadful means!" said she, her voice broken by extreme perturbation.

"Are you, then afraid?" demanded Olivia with incoherent vehemence.——"Then Constantia refuses to share the fate of her friend!"

"Ah!-------no!" screamed the affrighted girl, grasping the hand upraised to give the fatal blow.-------"Death has no terrors for me; but, surely my friend, to rush-------unprepared presumptuously!"

Olivia paused.-------"True!" cried she, recollecting herself; "I had forgot!" Then, putting her hand through the gate, said ------"Farewell, my friend!"---- -may we meet in happier regions. Fear not to follow my example-------I die an enviable death-------Entail not upon your family a disgraceful stain, by a life of infamy!-------Remember me!"----

She was prevented from proceeding by a dreadful tumult. The earth seemed to tremble; loud out-cries and noises were heard above them and a crush, as of the whole foundation giving way, resounded through the cavern.

--------"Oh, haste!" cried Olivia, with frantic terror-------"Let us secure ourselves beyond the reach of the vengeance of the wretch's assistants: this is but some scheme to decoy us from our cells. Now, my beloved friend, a last farewell!"

Saying this, she raised her eyes to Heaven with a look of fortitude; and, heedless of the tremendous scream that Constantia uttered, plunged the weapon in her breast, and fell, weltering in blood, upon the ground.

Agonized at this scene, Constantia struck her head against the bars which seperated her from the lifeless body of Olivia; calling in vain on her name, and making the dungeon ring with her cries.

Meanwhile, the noise continued with increasing violence: the alarm bell was furiously sounded from above, and all seemed in confusion. Unable to hold out any longer against the dread which seized her, Constantia sunk on her knees, imploring the Almighty for protection.------The beloved form of her parent darted across her fleeting senses-——mists glided before her eyes and her whole soul sickened with terror. Approaching footsteps assailed her ears, and the gates of the prison were forced open. Seeming conscious of the action, she raised the weapon yet reeking with the blood of her friend, and was about to plunge it in her own breast, when a party of men entered bearing, lights. Their leader instantly darted forward, and snatching the dagger from her, cried——

"Fear not Madam, :——we are your deliverers."

Constantia could only exclaim——"Heaven be praised!——Oh, save my Olivia!" pointing to where she lay, and fainted in his arms,

The scene which presented itself to the wondering eyes of Constantia upon her recovery, was as transporting as her former misery had been excruciating. No longer confined within the dreary walls of a noisome dungeon, with a grateful heart she found herself in a splendid apartment. Upon a bed, at a small distance from the couch where she reclined, was extended the body of Olivia, pale, disordered, but still retaining faint symptoms of life.

Beside the bed stood a youthful warrior bending over her bleeding body, with looks of ming-

led pity, horror, and solicitude depicted on his countenance.—— Constantia seemed to have a faint recollection, and, after a little consideration, found that his appearance was extremely like that of Lady Barome, when in the dress of a peasant. By her own side stood a youth of no less pleasing countenance, who seemed to have been busily employed in restoring her to recollection, while his eyes wandered from his lovely charge to the bed where lay the expiring Olivia.

Casting a look of gratitude towards her deliverers, Constantia arose from her seat, and, falling on her knees, beside the body of her friend, sought to restore her to life by her endearing expressions. Olivia turned her eyes upon Constantia, and muttered, in a feeble voice —

"Ah!—do I live once more to behold my dearest friend!—My Albert too!——I cannot support the transport of this sudden resolution! I feel very faint!"

She then sunk exhausted on her pillow, and the scene became very affecting. Albert entreated Constantia to quit the chamber, as the sight of her too penetratingly agitated her friend. The arrival of the surgeon then caused a compliance which her strong affection for Olivia alone could have made her submit to; and Albert led her himself from the chamber. He seated her in a chair, and drawing another beside her, begged to be informed of what had passed since his parting with Olivia.

Constantia related, as succinctly as possible, all the particulars; and when she continued with an account of their treatment in prison, Albert took up the thread of the discourse, and informed her, that he happened, most providentially, to be riding past with his friend. Lord Russel, at the time the ruffians were conveying them away; but having no other arms than their bare swords to oppose to ten well-armed bravadoes, he knew resistance would be vain; he therefore followed them privately, and when he had discovered their retreat, which was an old priory in the forest, they returned without delay to————, where he obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the offenders, who had long filled the country with dread by their increasing devastations. Having gained the assistance of a party of soldiers, with the officers of justice who were appointed to attend him, he led them on, accompanied by Russel, to the priory, where they soon overcame all opposition, and gained possession, fortunately in time to preserve the lives of the fair unhappy sufferers. Roderique was secured in prison with the rest of his associates, who were to take their trials for their several offences.

(To be Continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A TEAMSTER, setting out on a journey called upon his uncle, for whom he had engaged to carry some produce to market. It being night, and receiving an invitation from his uncle, he concluded to put up there. A maiden lady belonging to the house, who did not possess the most hospitable dispostion, manifested, her chagrin, by muttering, "I believe if the devil himself were going a journey, he would call here to stay all night." "Without doubt," replied the teamster, "for here he would expect to find the greater part of his loading."

SCRAP.

BAYLE says, that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret with which she is entrusted, except one,——and that is *her own age.*

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

FATE then decrees that we must part,
Oh! painful task to bid adieu;
What sorrows must corrode my heart,
When thou art parted from my view.

In Friendship, Oh what sacred bliss,
Can mortals find who've hearts to lend:
Ne'er shall the ocean's vast abyss,
Then make me to forget a Friend.

At thy return, secure from harm,
Each op'ning day new joys shall bring,
And Friendship's fire each breast shall warm,
Like orient beams of Sol in spring.

W. F. H.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The Lawyer depends on his neighbors' disputes;
He is just like a Serjeant enlisting recruits:
But if that his neighbours should chance to agree,
His pockets get empty for want of a fee.

He then walks about like a man in dispair,
To seek for a client to catch in his snare;
And one that has money enough for to spend,
His suite is continued as never to end.

My friends pray take warning by what I have said,
Beware of a Lawyer—disputing's his trade;
And if that you chance to get catch'd in his claw,
Your pockets pick'd—it's according to law.

M. M.

PROPOSALS TO THE LADIES

WHEN the wise one incline t' examine the sun,
They call a smok'd glass to their aid,
Thus ev'ry danger of blindness they shun,
So soften'd his rays by the shade.

Our ladies have now adopted this plan;
How much we their goodness should prize!
In place of the moveable screen of a fan,
They veil with a curtain their eyes.

We now, without risk, their lustre may view,
Contemplate their charms at our ease,
From feature the chance may pursue,
And fix on which ever we please.

For think not 'tis form'd of a close woven stuff,
No malice their bosoms could move;
Far from it, 'tis thin and trasparent enough
To shew the mild graces we love.

But hard for each possible case to provide,
Since many free-booters are found
By lifting the head, or a peep o' one side,
Some eyes-shoots continue to wound.

I've thought of a scheme; I humbly propose
Such wicked designs to defeat,
A pair of black spectacles plac'd on the nose,
Will render our safety complete.

EPIGRAM.

GRUDGE leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly,
He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely.
Zabulius locks his iron chest with care,
Lest any one should know that nothing's there.

ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK II. KING OF PRUSSIA.

A CAPTAIN S. had the misfortune to kill another officer in a duel. He was apprehended and carried to the main guard. Frederick could not prevent him from being tried according to the laws, and he was condemned. Frederick, who loved the captain because he was a brave man, thought of an expedient to save him. He gave some of his confidential officers to understand, that he should not be sorry if the psisoner escaped. They accordingly prepared every thing for his flight; and in order to facilitate it, he sent for the captain that mounted guard that day, and said, "Mind Sir; If you suffer S——to escape to night, you may depend upon my word, that I will order you to be put under arrest for twenty-four hours." The Captain understood his Majesty's meaning. About midnight he proposed to the prisoner to take alittle air in front of the guard-house. His friends were at a distance in a post-chaise. They approached: they gave him an account of their preparations, and carried him off. The next day, the captain reported this accident to his Majesty, who pretended to be much enraged against him, and ordered him under arrest for twenty four hours.

The King one day found a dutch merchant at Sans-Souci, he politely accosted him, and asked him if he wished to see the gardens, the merchant, who did not know him, answered, he did not think that would be permitted while the King was there.—"Give yourself no concern about that" answered Frederick, "I will shew it to you myself." He then led the merchant to the most beautiful spots in the garden, and desired his opinion concerning a variety of things. When he had shewn him every thing that was remarkable, the merchant took out his purse, and would have given some money to his guide. "No," said the King, "we are not allowed to take any thing: we should loose our places if we did." The merchant thanked him very politely, and took his leave, persuaded it was the inspector of the gardens. He had scarce proceeded a few steps, when he met the gardner, who said to him roughly, "what do you do here? the King is yonder." The dutchman told him what had happened, and praised very much the politeness of the gentleman that had shown him the garden. "And do you know who that is?" said the gardner: "it is the King himself"—The astonishment of the dutchman cannot be described.

THE WILL OF PETER PITHOU.

PETER PITHOU was an eminent French lawyer, the friend of the illustrious de Thou, and the chancellor de l'Hopital. He wrote his will in elegant Latin, which contains perhaps rather mortal than pecuniary directions. It begins thus:

"In the midst of the treasons and of the perfidies of the most corrupt age that the world ever saw, I have been as much as possible the slave of my world.

"I have constantly loved and cultivated my friends with the whole force of my heart. I have rather endeavored to disarm my enemies by kindness, than to revenge myself by doing them mischief.

"I have loved my wife as myself; I have never indulged my children improperly; and my servants I have treated as men.

"As a man, a child, a boy, I have paid great deference to age.

"My country has ever concentrated all my affections. I have anxiously desired the amend-

ment of the state, but always by moderate and just means. Full of respect and veneration for purer antiquity, I have never been the dupe of novelty.

"I have always feared, and avoided as a serpent, all vain disputes and cavils respecting divine matters.

"I have always been well assured, that knowledge and openness of mind lead more directly to their point than ignorance and intrigue.

"I have never been so happy as in those days in which I have been able to be of use to my country and my friends.

"I have ever preferred the art of judging well to that of speaking finely.

"I trust rather to the decision of the law, than to that of my own judment, the disposal of all that I die worth.

"I trust that all the tenderness that I have received from my dear wife will be transferred to my children, and that she will take care of their education as if I were living.

"I bequeath to posterity this faithful picture of my own mind, which I hope they will receive with the same simplicity with which I have pourtrayed it."

GENEROSITY OF CHARLES II.

IN the reign of Charles II. a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill fame in Wapping, where he laid all night, and had his whole sustenance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he should meet with possessed of cash; and accordingly overtaking a gentleman in Stepny Fields, to whom he related his mishap, he insisted on having the loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such behavior, but to no purpose; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman, dreading worse consequences, delivered his purse; but soon after had the sailor taken up, and examined, and committed to Newgate: from whence Jack sent a ship-mate with the following strange epistle to the KING,

King Charles.

One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same sum, who has inhumanly sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged; therefore, for thy own sake, save my life, or by Jove thou wilt loose one of the best sailors in thy navy.

JACK SKIFFTON.

His Majesty on the receipt of the letter, immediately wrote at follows:

Jack Skiffton,

For this time I will save thee from the gallows; but if hereafter thou art guilty of the like, by Jove I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy.

CHARLES REX.

THE following extraordinary incident occurred at St. Ives, Jan. 10th:—A bullock walked into the passage of the Royal-oak public house in that town, and the staircase door being open, went up stairs into the dining room, and ran with such violence against the window as to drive the whole into the street, where the animal fell also (the height of more than ten feet), but received no material injury, although so much terrified, that it ran with great precipitancy down to the bridge, and being stopped there, it leaped over the side thereof into the river, when it was carried down the current so rapidly, from a very high flood, that it has never since been heard of.

Lon. pap.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 6, 1805.

Thirty-five Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 30th ult.

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A fire broke out on Wednesday morning in a malt-house belonging to Messrs. Murray and Cuaningham in James' street, which was not got under before the brewery (which contained 5,000 bushels of grain) and two or three adjacent wooden buildings were destroyed.

—

On Friday evening an appropriate and elegant discourse was delivered before the New-York Missionary Society, in the brick Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Dr. Mason. Between three and four hundred dollars were collected for the benefit of the Society.

—

A dinner, in honor of the Hero of the Mediterranean, was given at the Tontine on saturday. Upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to table. It was probably the most elegant dinner ever served up in this city.

—

The Beagle sloop of war, which has lately joined Sir J. Orde's squadron, has captured a very rich Spanish ship laden with spices of different kinds, and an immense quantity of dollars, which the brave tars have safely lodged in Gibralter.

—

Mademe LA PAGERIE, mother of the French Empress Josephine, was on board La Ville de Milan at the time of her capture by the British ship Leander.

—

We are sorry to announce the loss of the brig George, capt. Hand, of and for this port, from Bordeaux. She struck upon the rocks at the Cordovan a short time before the sailing of the brig Friendship. The crew, the passengers, and only that part of the cargo which floated ashore, were saved.

—

Captain Hazard, of the ship Octavia from Merseilles, informs us, that a fleet of English Merchantmen, from Malta to England, under convoy of a frigate and the Aurora of 22 guns, was fallen in with off Barbary, on the 23d January by two French frigates, who captured twenty sail, and blew up the Aurora, in the engagement.

Mer. Ad.

—

On Tuesday last, a lady drest in the most elegant style, and affecting the woman of fashion, went into the shop of a jeweller in Oxford street, and being without a hat, she appeared as if just stept out of a carriage, which in fact was the case; she asked to look at some rings, and several were shewn to her; presently a servant in livery came in, and, with his hat off, said aloud to her, "Sir Robert is in the carrirge, my Lady." "Very well," she replied, "I will be with him in a few moments." She then paid for two rings, left the shop and got into a post chaise that was standing at the door, and the servant followed her into the chaise, which immediately drove off; this latter circumstance some what surprized the jeweller, but on his returning into his shop, he soon found other cause for his surprize; for, examining his stock, he found to his very great regret, that *her ladyship* had diminished it considerably, by taking five rich diamond rings, and several other articles of value, which in her hurry to attend Sir Robert, she had forgotten to pay for.

Lon. Pap.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"AROUND the happy nuptial bed,
May heaven every blessing shed,
And far remove all pain and strife,
And smooth the rugged path of life."

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Bardill, Capt. *Henry Fanning*, to Miss *Jane Darrow*, daughter of Frederick Darrow, Merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Gershom Seixas, Mr. *Joseph Gabriel, jun.* lately from Kingston, (Jamaica) to Miss *Leah Lecey Moreno*, of the same place.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Lyal, Mr. *Abraham Anderson*, to Miss *Elizabeth Ryal*, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, at Litchfield, (Con.) Mr. *Thomas G. Collier, jun.* editor of the Litchfield Monitor, to Miss *Chloe C. Robinson.*

MORTALITY.

WHY mourn? the throbbing heart's at rest;
How still it lies within the breast!
Why mourn? since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

DIED,

On Thursday of an apoplectic fit, Mr. JAMES STUART; Merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH ALEXANDER, relict of the late Major-General Lord Sterling.

On Sunday morning, suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, in the 55th year of his age Dr. JEAN BERREIN, a native of France, and member of the Society of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Bourdeaux.

On Sunday morning, in 22d year of his age Mr. JOHN RONALDS, Bookseller of this city

NEW CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

No 207, WATER-STREET,

FIVE DOORS EAST OF BEEKMAN-SLIP.

G. SINCLAIR respectfully solicits the patronage, of his friends, and the public, to his Circulating Library.

The collection now offered, (of Novels only) though small is well chosen; and to which if encouragement offers, additions will be made, of new Books of Merit, as soon as they appear. Catalogues, delivered gratis.

For sale as above a handsome assortment of Books and stationary. Mar. 23 1805.

MILENARY

A Saunders, finding that he cannot quit his present line of business so soon as he intended, without great loss on his stock on hand. Begs leave to inform his customers and the public that he still continues his business at his store No 119 William Street, where, he has a general assortment of Straw, Leghorn, and Paper Bonets as usual, whole sale and retail.

March 2, 1805. 843 9t.

SCALES, WEIGHTS & MEASURES.

ABRAHAM GARGILL,

Public Sealer of Weights, Measures, Scale Beams, and Yards; No. 230 Water Street, four doors west of Peck-Slip. Where he continues to carry on his Manufactory of Tin, Copper, Brass, and sheet iron ware, and keeps on hand a general assortment of Scales, Weights & Measures with a variety of Japanned, Pewter, and hallow ware.

N. B. Weights and Measures adjusted and sealed at a short notice. March 16, 1805.

845. tf.

FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

NEATLY BOUND,

For some years back, for sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

SWEET Innocent, artless and gay,
How happy thy moments are spent,
How careless thy life glides away,
How nearly ally'd to content!

No ills thy glad fancy engage,
Nor passions tempestuously roll;
No cares in thy bosom dare rage,
To banish the peace of thy soul.

No fears thy soft slumbers,
No terrors disturb thy repose;
Just conscience entry'd is thy friend,
And innocence shields thee from woes.

Alas! but how transient these joys,
When manhood approaches they're o'er,
That bliss some reflection destroys,
That nature had nurtur'd before.

Then closely thy guiltless palm press,
Reward but a mother's fond care,
With tokens of gratitude bless
The heart you extensively share.

Nor be like thy false sex employ'd,
While vainly their partners complain;
Still slighting the sweets they enjoy'd,
As ne'er worth enjoyment again.

When you bid these fond arms adieu,
And stray from these scenes of delight,
Let wisdom encompass thy view,
And virtue thy fancy invite.

Perhaps in the battle's loud roar,
Thour't waft on the pinions of fame;
Or curs'd with the greatness of power,
And tyrrany waits on thy name.

Then think on that tenderness shown,
Thy youth when defenceless and weak;
Nor ev'n for the pride of a throne,
Love, justice, nor mercy forsake.

If fortune should leave thee obscure,
My son, ne'er repine at thy fate,
The monarch in power is poor,
The beggar in freedom is great.

ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH gentleman, totally unacquainted with our language, being introduced to a circle of young ladies and gentlemen in Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady; and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance however expressed the emotion of his heart) he seized her by the hand—she requested him to be *easy*—which he mistook for the French word *Baisez*, (*kiss me*) and began kissing her to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to an unanimous determination never to say "*be easy*" to a Frenchman.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF THE BEST

RHEUMATIC OINTMENT,

Just received,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

MORALIST.

OSTENTATION.

INSTEAD of regaling the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own they sweat under a cumberous heap of finery; for our pleasure the lacquied train, the slow parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty, may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, "That we take greater pains to persuade others we are happy, than in endeavouring to think so ourselves.

Mr. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dey-Street, to No. 15 PARK, near the Theatre. Where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature. And so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACH, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy. his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady, or Gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15 Park, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from Chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many Medical Characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their Sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY, and TOOTH-ACH prevented

The TINCTURE and POWDER, may likewise be had at G. and R. Waites Book Store No. 64 Maiden-Lane

March 9, 1805. 843 tf.

FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

Opposite the New-City Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William-Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery Jewelery and fancy articles viz—fine pomatum, plain and scented powder, perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wood tablets, face and pearl powder, antique oil, sweet scented pess, burning pastils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Ruspini's Dentrifice, the damask lip salve, tortoise shell, ivory, horn and lead combs, scissars, penknives, and razor strops, dressing boxes and artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queens garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling tongs, gold, pearl, and paste earrings, ladies and gentlemens suspenders, frisseurs, and all kinds of Ornamental hair for Ladies head dresses, the jessamin and violet oil, for thickening preserving and restoring the hair the circasian liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence office, where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of good character,

Oct. 27 1804. 813 tf.

N. SMITH.

Chimical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel,

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted & cotton Garters,

Smith's purified Chimical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfum 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chemical Abstergem Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s. and 6d. per lb. Violet, double scented Rose 2s. and 6d.

Smith's savoynette royal paste, for washing the skin making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s and 8s per pot do. paste.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the teeth and gums, warranted, 2 and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted,

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes.—Almond powder for the skin, 8s lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chimical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

*** THE best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissar, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs, Superfine white Search Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. ☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

Ladies and Gentlemens pocket books,

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AND

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N. B. A few servants on the books that can be well recommended,

March 9. 844 tf

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